

# IGNORAMUS: An Excellent New Song.

To the Tune of, *Lay by your Pleading, I am lies a bleeding.*

[ 1 ]  
Since Reformation  
With *Whig's* in Fashion,  
There's neither Equity nor Justice in the Nation.  
Against their Furies,  
There no such Cure is,  
As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus-furies*,  
Compaction of Faction,  
That breeds all Distraction,  
Is at the Zenith Point, but will not bear an Action.  
*They sham us, and sham us,*  
*And ram us, and damn us.*  
And then, in spite of Law, come off with Ignoramus.

[ 2 ]  
Oh, how they Plotted,  
*Brimighams* Voted,  
And all the *Mobile* the Holy Cause promoted.  
They preach'd up Treason,  
At ev'ry season,  
And taught the Multitude Rebellion was but Reason,  
With Breaches, Impeaches,  
And most Loyal Speeches,  
With Royal Bloud again to glut the thirsty Leeches.  
*They sham us and sham us, &c.*

[ 3 ]  
'Tis such a *fury*  
Wou'd pass no *Tory*,  
Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory:  
But let a Brother  
Ravish his Mother,  
Affassinate his King, he wou'd find no other.  
They shamed, and blamed,  
At Loyallists aimed; (flamed.)  
But when a *Whig's* repriev'd, the Town with Beacons  
*They sham us, and sham us, &c.*

[ 4 ]  
This *Ignoramus*  
With which they sham us,  
Wou'd find against a *Tory*, to raise a *M—shamus*.  
Who clears a Traytor;  
And a King Hater  
Against his Lawful Prince wou'd find sufficient matter.  
They fought it, and wrought it,  
Like Rebels they fought it, (it.)  
And with the price of Royal Martyrs bloud they bought  
*They sham us, and sham us, &c.*

[ 5 ]  
At the *Old-Baily*,  
Where Rogues flock daily,  
A greater Traytor far then *Coleman, White* or *Staley*,  
Was late Indicted,  
Witnell's cited,  
But then he was let free; so the King was righted.  
'Gainst Princes, Offences  
Prov'd in all senses;  
But 'gainst a *Whig* there is no Truth in Evidences.  
*They sham us, and sham us, &c.*

[ 6 ]  
But wot you what, Sir?  
They found it not, Sir;  
'Twas ev'ry Jurors Case, and there lay all the Plot, Sir.  
For at this season,  
Shou'd they do reason, (son?)  
Which of themselves shou'd scape, if they found it Treason?  
Compassion in fashion,  
The Int'rest of th' Nation:  
Oh, what a Godly point is self-preservation!  
*They sham us, and sham us, &c.*

[ 7 ]  
'Las what is Conscience.  
In *Baxter's* own sense, (sense.)  
When Int'rest lies at stake, an Oath and Law is Non-  
Now they will banter  
*Quaker* and *Ranter*,  
To find a Royalist, and clear a Covenanter.  
They'll wrangle and brangle,  
The Soulintangle,  
To save the Traytors Neck from the old Triangle.  
*They sham us, and sham us, &c.*

[ 8 ]  
Alas! for pity  
Of this good City,  
What will the *Tories* say in their Drunken Ditty?  
When all Abettors,  
And Monarch Haters, (tors)  
The Brethren damn'd their Souls to save malicious Tray  
But mind it, long winded,  
With prejudice blinded,  
Left what they did reject, another Jury find it.  
*Then sham us, and sham us,*  
*And ram us, and damn us,*  
When against King and Law you find an Ignoramus.

LONDON: Printed for A. Banks, MDCLXXXI.

*Henry Bell*